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MOTHER GOOSE JUNGLE BOOK

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A CHOICE SELECTION OF THE

ORIGINAL MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS
IMPERSONATED BY ANIMALS

DRAWN BY

HUGO VON HOFSTEN



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THE MADISON BOOK CO.
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LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind 'em.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook, and he saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home to his old wife Joan,
And he bade her a fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.

ROBERT ROWLEY.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?



Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;

He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD.

Once I saw a little bird,
 Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little Bird,
 Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
 To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
 And far away he flew.

IF ALL THE WORLD.

If all the world was apple pie,
 And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
 What would we have for drink?

SOME LITTLE MICE SAT.

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin,
Pussy came by and popped her head in;
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh! no, kind sir, you would snap our heads off."

HOT CROSS BUNS.

Hot Cross Buns! Hot Cross Buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot Cross Buns!

Hot Cross Buns! Hot Cross Buns!
If ye have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.



One misty, moisty morning when cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin—
“How do you do,” and “How do you do,” and “How do you do” again!

FOUR AND TWENTY TAILORS.

Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow—
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

THERE WAS A FAT MAN OF BOMBAY.

There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry:
“O, mother dear, we very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.”
“Lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.”
“Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!
And we can have no pie,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!”

A DILLAR, A DOLLAR.

A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.



Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house ;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

I SAW THREE SHIPS.

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by,
I saw three ships come sailing by,
New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them then?
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then?
New Year's Day in the morning.

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
New Year's Day in the morning.

One could whistle, and another could sing,
And the other could play on the violin—
Such joy was there at my wedding,
New Year's Day in the morning.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy cat and down came he;
Down came Pussy cat, and away Robin ran;
Says Little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said "Mew," and Robin jumped away.



There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence beside a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to the market her eggs for to sell;
She went to the market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a peddler whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I."

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I've a little dog at home and he'll know me;
If it be I he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I."

PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it in the oven for Tommy and me.



Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been ?

I've been to London to look at the queen.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there ?

I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog;
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.

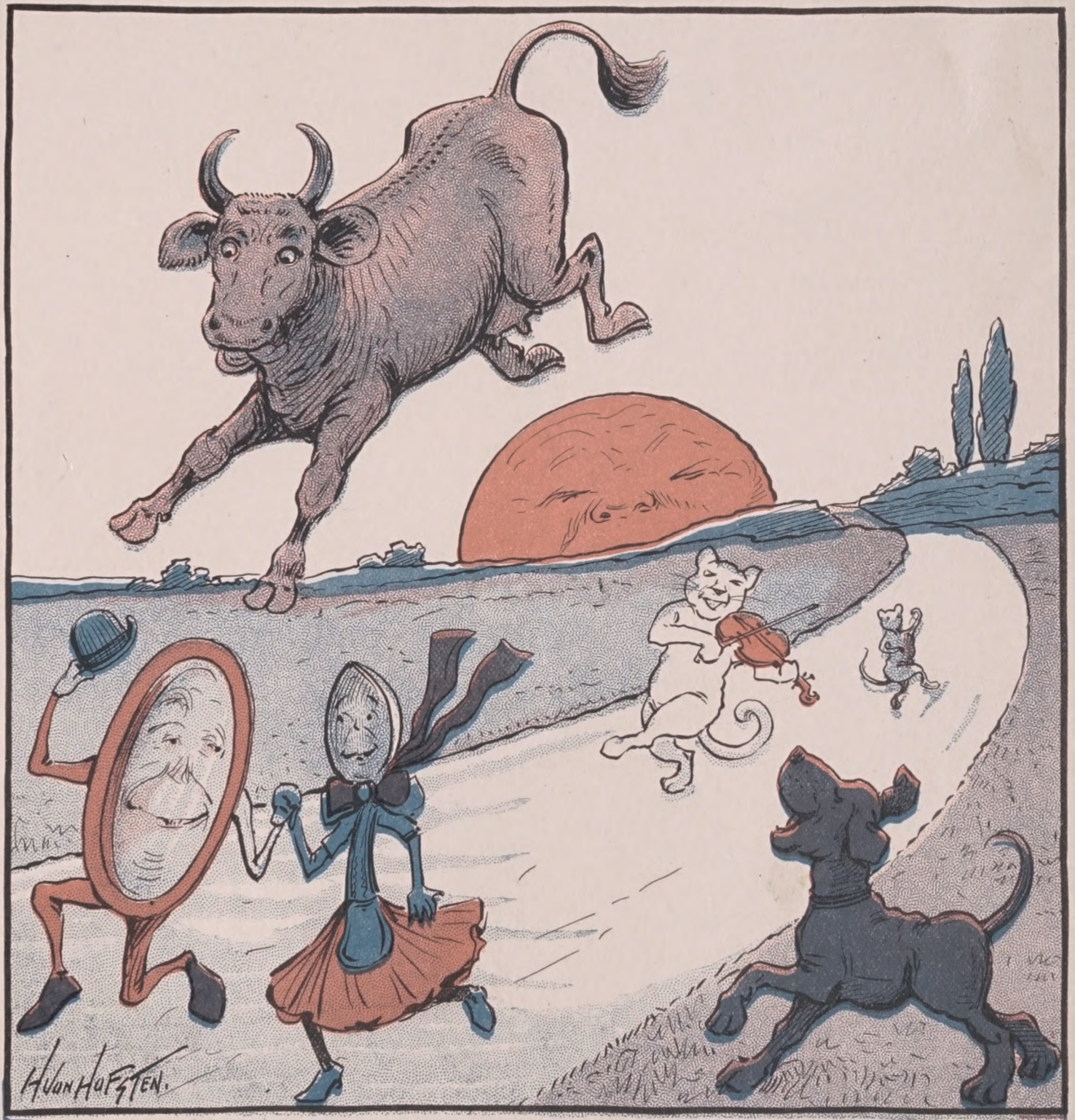
What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year—that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

DIDDLE, DIDDLE, DUMPLING.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One stocking off, and one stocking on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.



Hey! diddle! diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Sing heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no;
With a rowley, powley, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

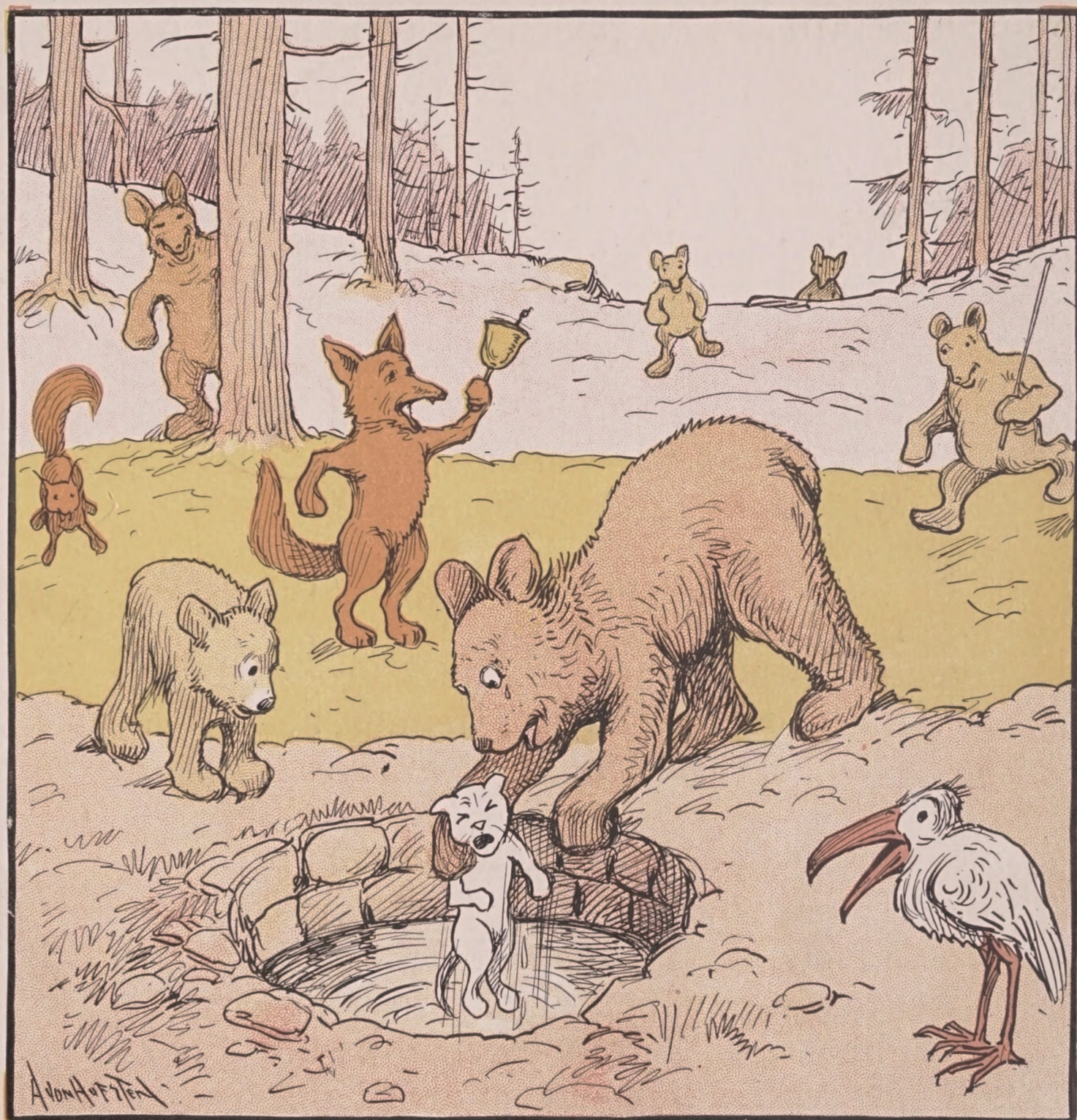
So off he marched with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the way he met with a rat,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

And when they came to Mouse's Hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin,"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Rowley,
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a rowley, powley, etc.

Now while they all were a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rowley, powley, etc.



Ding, dong bell, pussy's in the well ! What a naughty boy was that
Who put her in?—Little Johnny Green. To drown poor pussy-cat,
Who pulled her out?—Big Johnny Stout. Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn.

The cat seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley,
So he took up his hat and wished them good-night,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowley, powley, etc.

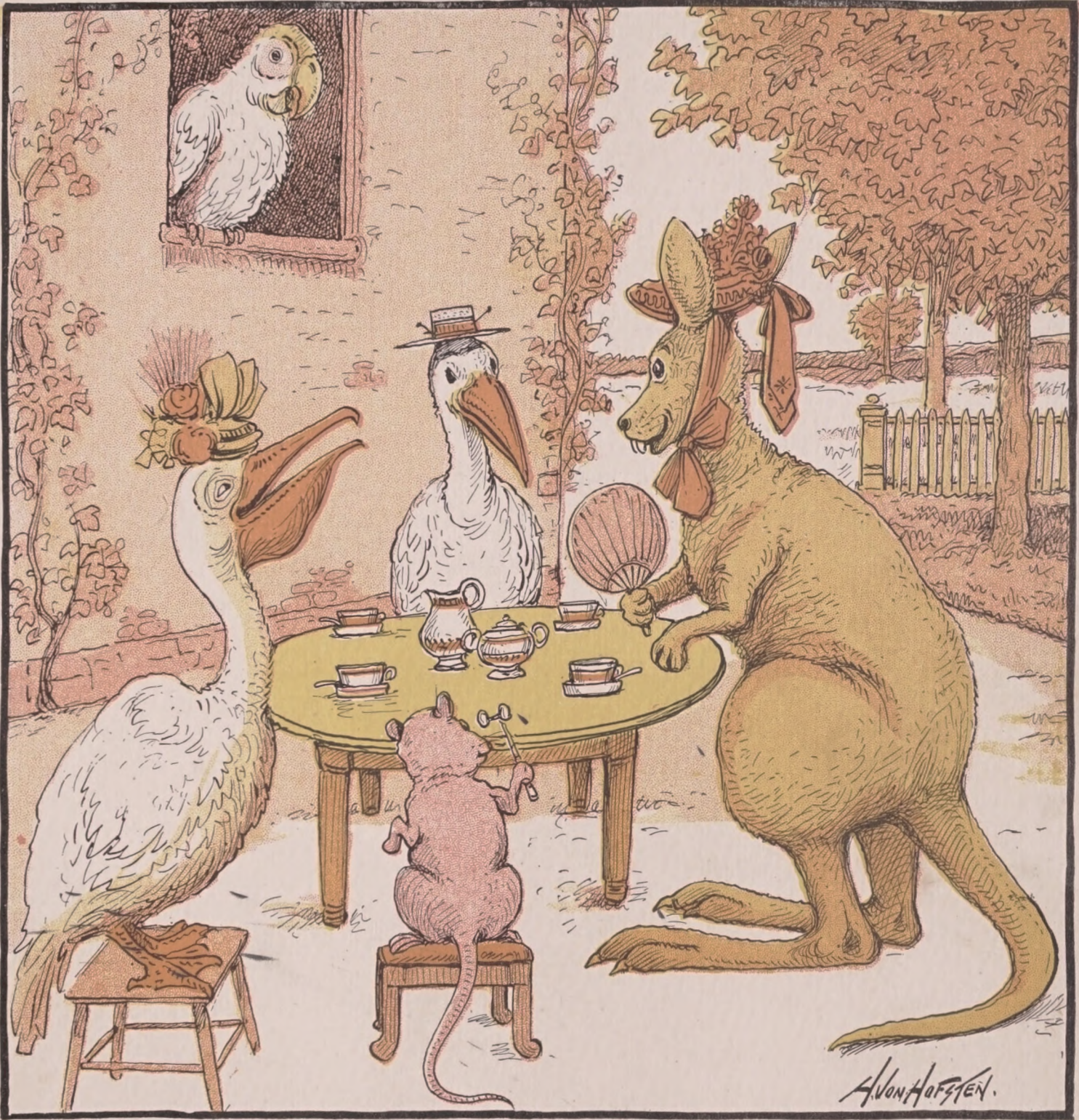
So there was an end of one, two, three,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The rat, the mouse, and little Frog-ee!
With a rowley, powley, gammon, and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT TO PLAY.

Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all.

HERE AM I.

Here am I, little jumping Joan.
When nobody's with me, I'm always alone.



Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
And we'll all have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
They're all gone away.

I HAD A LITTLE PONY.

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

RIDDLES.

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

An Egg.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits—
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

One.

What shoemaker makes shoes without leather,
With all the four elements put together?
Fire and water, earth and air,
Every customer has two pair.

A Horseshoer.



Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;

He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN-EATER.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

PEASE-PUDDING HOT.

Pease-pudding hot,	Some like it hot,
Pease-pudding cold,	Some like it cold,
Pease-pudding in the pot,	Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.	Nine days old.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

“Old woman, old woman, old woman,” quoth I,
“Where are you going to up so high?”

“To brush the cobwebs off the sky!”

“Shall I go with thee?” “Ay, by and by.”

A GLASS OF MILK.

A glass of milk and a slice of bread,
And then good-night, we must go to bed.



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

MONDAY'S CHILD.

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
And a child that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is fair, and wise, and good, and gay.

COCK CROWS IN THE MORN.

Cock crows in the morn to tell us to rise,
And he who lies late will never be wise;
For early to bed and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN OF LEEDS.

There was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds;
She worked for the poor,
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds!

JACK BE NIMBLE.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.



Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie ;

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king ?

A LITTLE COCK-SPARROW.

A little cock-sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as he could be,
Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow:
Says he, "I will shoot the little cock-sparrow.
His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too."
Says the little cock-sparrow, "I'll be shot if I stay,"
So he clapped his wings, and flew away.

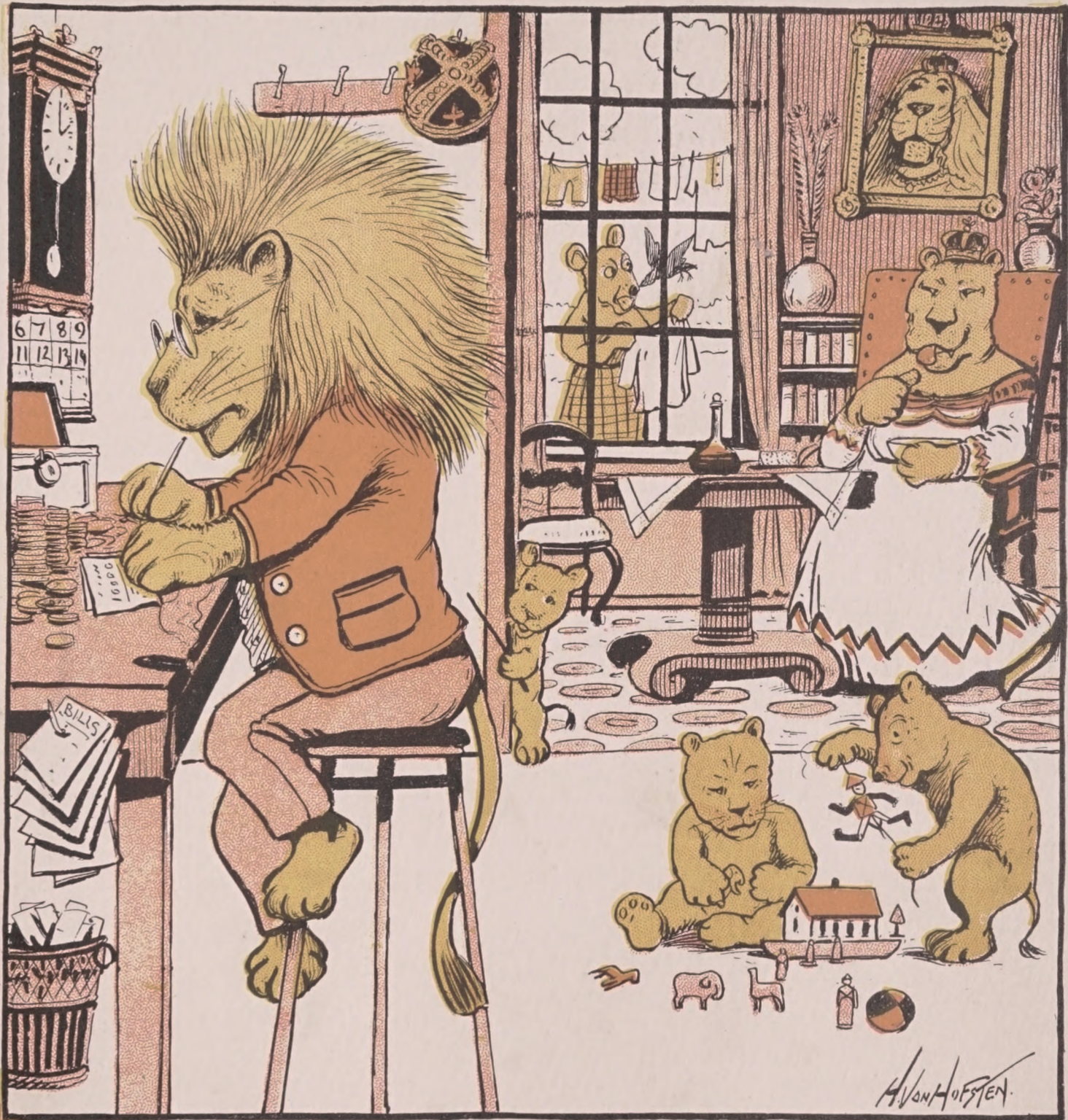
THE MILLER HE GRINDS HIS CORN.

The miller he grinds his corn, his corn,
The miller he grinds his corn, his corn,
The Little Boy Blue comes winding his horn, his horn,
With a hop, step and a jump.

The carter he whistles aside his team,
The carter he whistles aside his team,
And Dolly comes tripping with the nice clouted cream,
With a hop, step and a jump.

The nightingale sings when we're at rest,
The nightingale sings when we're at rest,
The little bird climbs the tree for his nest,
With a hop, step and a jump.

The damsels are churning for curds and whey,
The damsels are churning for curds and whey,
The lads in the field are making the hay,
With a hop, step and a jump.



The king was in his counting house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And nipped off her nose!

TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE.

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle,
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so
They quite forgot their quarrel.

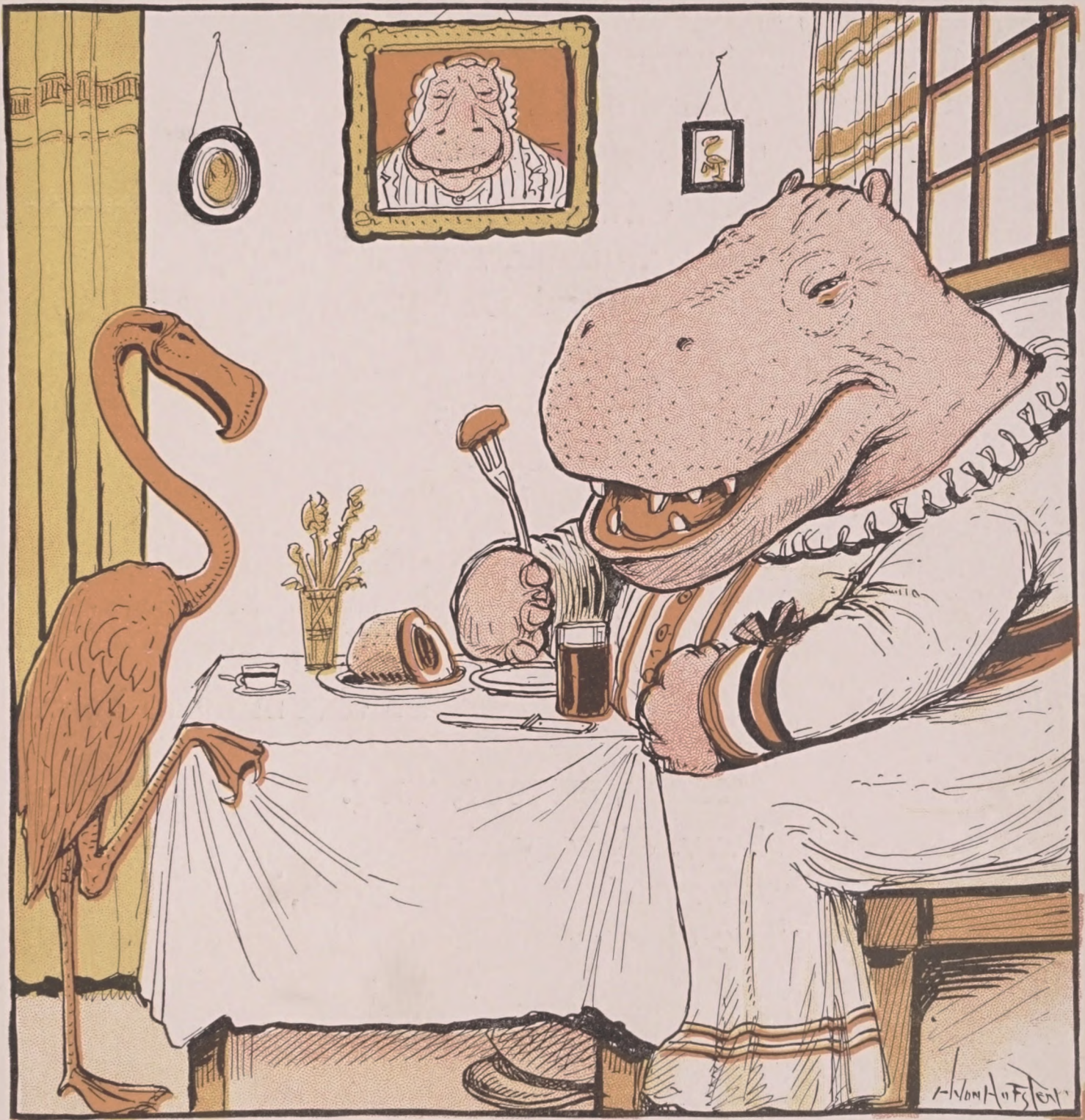
IF ALL THE SEAS.

If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!

And if all the men were one man,
What a great man he would be!
And if the great man took the great axe,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splish splash that would be!

AS LITTLE JENNIE WREN.

As little Jennie Wren was sitting by the shed,
She wagged with her tail, and nodded with her head.
She wagged with her tail, and nodded with her head,
As little Jennie Wren was sitting by the shed.



Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
Betwixt them both, they cleared the plate,
And licked the platter clean.

BOW-WOW, SAYS THE DOG.

Bow-wow, says the dog,
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog,
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu-whu, says the owl,
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck,
And what sparrows say you know.

So with sparrows, and owls,
With rats, and with dogs,
With ducks, and with crows,
With cats, and with hogs,

A fine song I've made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.

DICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

Dickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down;
Hickory, dickory, dock.

GEORGIE PORGIE.

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls began to cry,
Georgie Porgie ran away.



Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, and some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

HANDY SPANDY.

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop!

HUSHY, BABY, MY DOLL.

Hushy, baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by-and-by;
Or perhaps you like custard, or maybe a tart—
Then to either you're welcome with all my whole heart.

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.

Little Tommy Tucker	How shall he cut it,
Sings for his supper;	Without e'er a knife?
What shall he eat?	How will he be married,
White bread and butter.	Without e'er a wife?

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie	Tapping at the window,
Runs through the town,	Crying at the lock,
Up-stairs and down-stairs,	"Are the babes in their bed?
In his night-gown;	For it's now ten o'clock."

THREE WISE MEN.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.



AVONHOFSTEN

Willy boy, Willy boy,
Where are you going?
I will go with you if I may.

I am going to the meadow
To see them a-mowing,
I'm going to help them make the hay.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO RODE ON A BROOM.

There was an old woman who rode on a broom,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
And she took her old cat behind for a groom,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

They traveled along till they came to the sky,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
But the journey so long made them very hungry,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says Tom, "I can find nothing here to eat,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
So let us go back again, I entreat,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble."

The old woman would not go back so soon,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
For she wanted to visit the Man in the Moon,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says Tom, "I'll go back myself to our house,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
For there I can catch a good rat or a mouse,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble."

"But," says the old woman, "how will you go?
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
You shan't have my nag, I protest and vow,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble."

(Continued on page 36.)



Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey.

Along came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffett away.

“No, no,” says Tom, “I’ve a plan of my own,”
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
So he slid down the rainbow and left her alone,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

So now if you happen to visit the sky,
With a high gee ho, gee humble,
And want to come back, you Tom’s method try,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London town, to buy me a wife.
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife got a fall,
Down came the wheelbarrow, wife and all.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown,
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.

Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.



Curly-locks ! Curly-locks !
Wilt thou be mine ?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine ;

But sit on a cushion,
And sew a fine seam,
And feast upon strawberries,
Sugar, and cream.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

The queen of hearts	The king of hearts
She made some tarts,	Called for those tarts
All on a summer's day;	And beat the knave full sore;
The knave of hearts	The knave of hearts
He stole those tarts,	Brought back those tarts,
And with them ran away.	And said he'd ne'er steal more.

THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY.

There was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh! shall I?"

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"

Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

THE MAN IN THE WILDERNESS.

The man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea,
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.



Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full.

One for my master
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

THE NORTH WIND.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then,
 Poor thing?

He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
 Poor thing.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the honey-bee do,
 Poor thing?

In his hive he will stay,
Till the cold's passed away,
And then he'll come out in the spring,
 Poor thing.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the dormouse do then,
 Poor thing?

Rolled up like a ball,
In his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back,
 Poor thing.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the children do then,
 Poor things?

When lessons are done,
They'll skip, jump, and run,
And that's how they'll keep themselves warm,
 Poor things.



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly, and put them to bed.

WHEN GOOD KING ARTHUR.

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He got three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN.

There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still;
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.

AS TOMMY SNOOKS.

As Tommy Snooks and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."

GREAT A, LITTLE a.

Great A, little a, bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard and she can't see.



See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.
Go wake him, go wake him. Oh! no, not I;
For if I wake him he'll certainly cry.

ROCK-A-BY, BABY, THY CRADLE IS GREEN.

Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends the cradle will fall—
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

THERE WERE TWO BLACKBIRDS.

There were two blackbirds, sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack, the other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack! fly away, Jill!
Come back, Jack! come back, Jill!

BAT, BAT, COME UNDER MY HAT.

Bat, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.



Little Boy Blue, come blow on your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.

(Complete rhyme on opposite page.)

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's to buy him some bread,
But when she came back the poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's to buy him a coffin,
But when she came back, the poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish to get him some tripe,
But when she came back, he was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's to buy him some fish,
And when she came back, he was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house to get him some beer,
But when she came back, the dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern for white wine and red,
But when she came back, the dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's to buy him a hat,
But when she came back, he was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's to buy him a wig,
But when she came back, he was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's to buy him some fruit,
But when she came back, he was playing the flute.

(Continued on page 48.)



I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm ;
So I'll not pull her tail nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
But when she came back, he was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's to buy him some shoes,
But when she came back, he was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress to buy him some linen,
But when she came back, the dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's to buy him some hose,
But when she came back, he was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy, the dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant," the dog said, "Bow, wow."

This wonderful dog was Dame Hubbard's delight,
He could sing, he could dance, he could read, he could write.

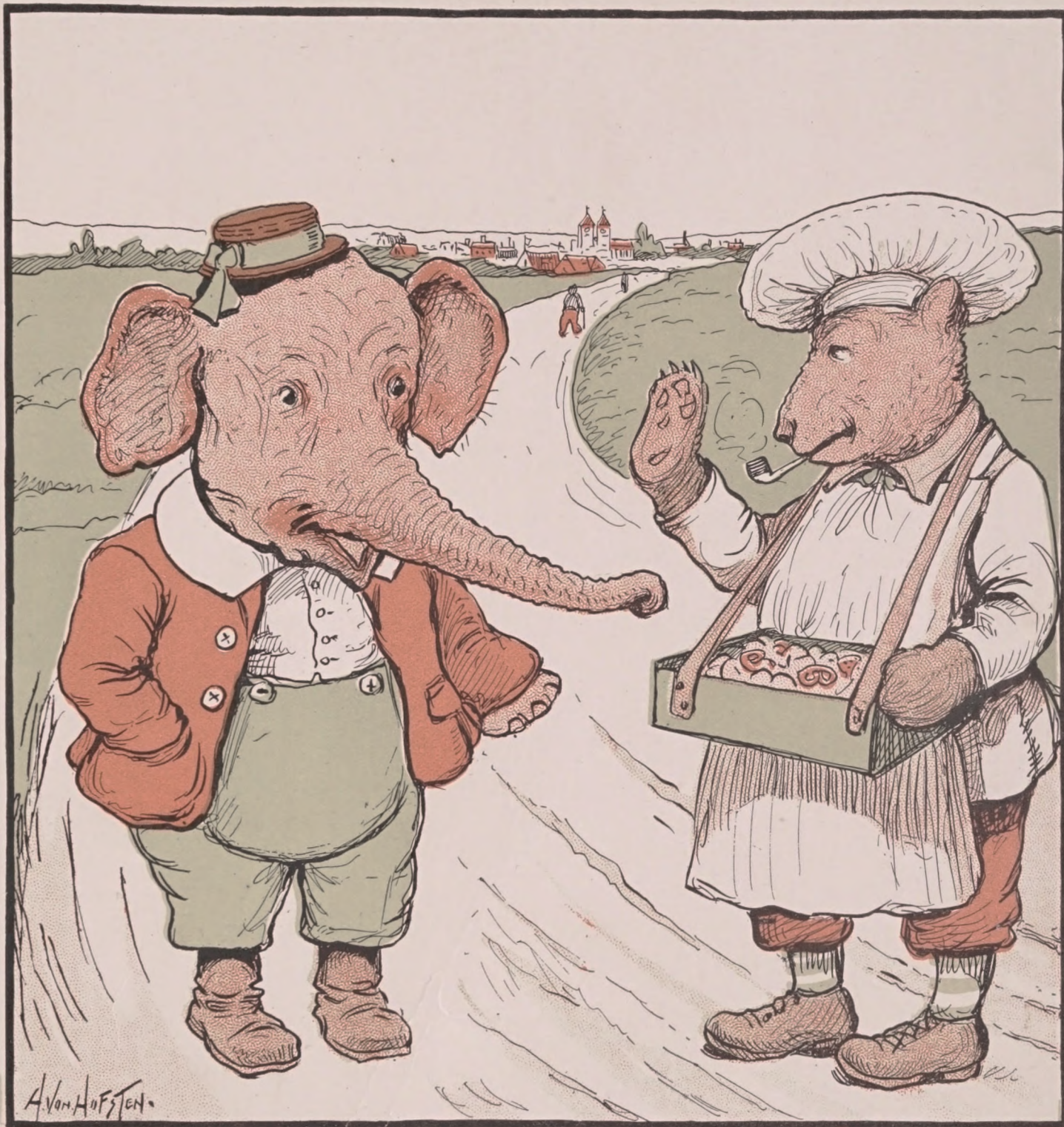
She gave him rich dainties whenever he fed,
And erected a monument when he was dead.

OH, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women got up an apple tree;
One came down,
And the other stayed till Saturday.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little Harry wants to play.



Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair ;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
“Show me first your penny ;”
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Indeed I have not any.”

THE FOX AND HIS WIFE.

The fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never ate mustard in all their whole life;
They ate their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone, e-ho!

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night,
The stars they were shining, and all things bright,
“Oh, ho!” said the fox, “it’s a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-ho!”

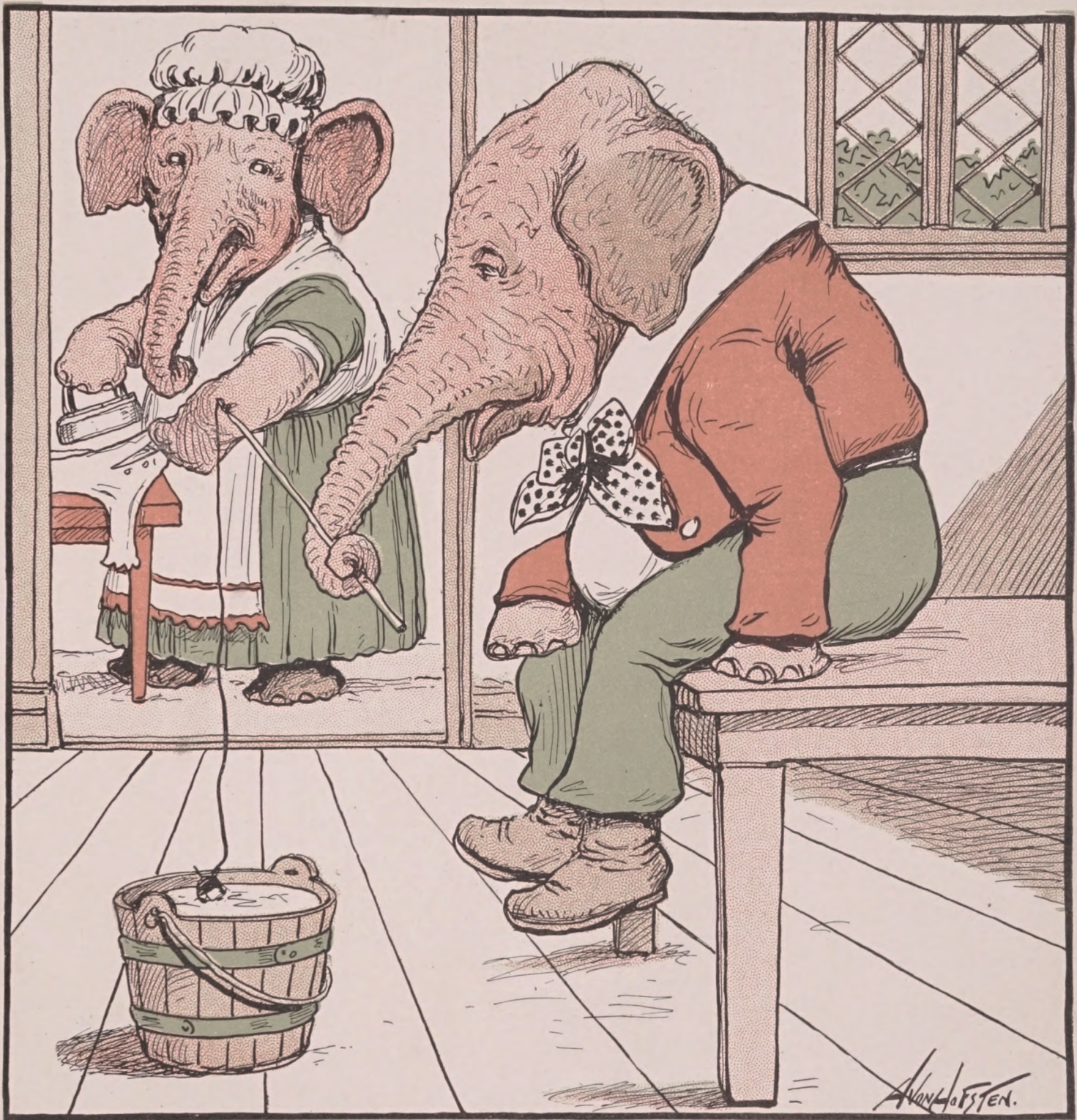
The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened awhile;
“Oh, ho!” said the fox, “it’s but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-ho!”

The fox when he came to the farmer’s gate,
Who should he see but the farmer’s drake;
“I love you well for your master’s sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-ho!”

The gray goose she ran around the haystack,
“Oh, ho!” said the fox, “you are very fat;
You’ll grease my beard and ride on my back,
From this into yonder wee town, e-ho!”

Old Gammer Hipple-Hopple hopped out of bed,
She opened the casement and popped out her head;
“Oh! husband, oh! husband, the gray goose is dead,
And the fox is gone through the town, oh!”

(Continued on page 52.)



Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale ;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Then the old man got up in his red cap,
And swore he would catch the fox in a trap;
But the fox was too cunning, and gave him the slip,
And ran thro' the town, the town, e-ho!

When he got to the top of the hill,
He blew his trumpet both loud and shrill,
For joy that he was safe
Through the town, e-ho!

When the fox came back to his den,
He had young ones both nine and ten;
"You're welcome home, daddy; you may go again,
If you bring us such nice meat from the town, e-ho!"

BYE, BABY, BUNTING.

Bye, baby, bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
 Mother's gone a-silking,
 Sister's gone a-silking,
 Brother's gone to buy a skin,
 To wrap the baby bunting in.

ROBERT BARNES.

Robert Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?
"Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man;
Here's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod."



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And it was full of pretty things,
For baby and for me.

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were all of velvet,
And the masts of beaten gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE EAST.

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.



Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee ;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair.
He's my love forevermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day;
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry;
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.





Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?

The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel and then to fight;
One had a mouse and the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that!"
"I will have that mouse," said the eldest son.
"You shan't have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight.
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two little kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow, and cold as ice,
For they found it was better that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

I HAD A LITTLE HOBBY-HORSE.

I had a little hobby-horse,
And it was dapple gray;
Its head was made of pea straw,
Its tail was made of hay.



Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE.

One, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, open the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty.

I'LL TELL YOU A STORY.

I'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About Jack, his brother,
And now my story's done.

AS ROUND AS AN APPLE.

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

A Well.

BOW, WOW, WOW.

Bow, wow, wow! Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog, bow, wow, wow!



Ride a cock-horse
To Bamburg Cross,
To see an old woman
Upon a white horse ;

Rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
And so she makes music
Wherever she goes.

A CAT CAME FIDDLING OUT OF A BARN.

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse had married the humble-bee;
Pipe, cat; dance, mouse—
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

MARY HAD A PRETTY BIRD.

Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs; upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest songs he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.

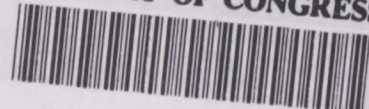
A DOG AND A CAT.

A dog and a cat went out together,
To see some friends just out of town;
Said the cat to the dog,
"What d'ye think of the weather?"
"I think, ma'am, the rain will come down;
But don't be alarmed, for I've an umbrella
That will shelter us both," said this amiable fellow.



Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
"Four and twenty, that's enough,"
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

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